

A GOOD HAUL.

FLOATING CITIES

Towns That Ride the Waves in the Herring Season.

RAFT AND BOAT COMBINATIONS

With Streets, Homes and Working

Buildings.

THE HAUL OF THE SEINES

Written for The Evening Star.

Where the Susquehanna empties its waters into Chesapeake bay there appears every spring a little group of villages which rise and full with the tide, maintaining through each season the same relative positions. Each of these floating towns has its population of fifty or sixty men, its lodging houses and eating houses, its streets and its local government. They are virtually temporary muncipalities, enduring for the fishing season, and governing themselves after the law and customs of the "Susquehanna Flats," as the fishermen call their unique settlement. Each year they send back into the country millions of herring, shad and rock, and while these fish are running the little raft cities are the busiest, most busiling communities in all industrial America.

Early in the spring, when the trees are wakening their vitality for the coming fruit, the herring and shad leave the salty ocean and seek the fresh waters of the Susquehanna, in which to spawn or breed. proprietor of the fish packing establishment has made ready for the season's work by getting his floating towns in ship-shape, say in town-ship-shape. The float proper is 180 feet long by 60, built of two layers of ogs on pontoons. From this an apron or inclined plane, forty feet wide, is built out on three sides, forming an artificial shore for the dragging up of the seine. As early as the middle of March the doors are unnailed and the buildings, some eight or ten, are prepared for use. They form two rows facing upon the narrow avenue which runs lengthwise of the float. Rooms for cooking, eating and sleeping, tool houses and engine rooms make up the main street; "Night Owl's avenue" the men call it, in commemoration of the late hours they keep

in finishing up a large haul.

When the seine is tarred and hung, the engines in running order and the workmen, who make up a class unique in its incongruity, have arrived from various quarters, the miniature town, with smoke curling from its chimneys, leaves its winter mooring and is towed down stream. All the fishing is done on the shoal or shallow side of the flats, and when the spot is reached, which by right of occupancy be-longs to the proprietor, four huge piles. each weighing one ton, and shod with pointed from which pass perpendicularly through wells our holes in the raft, are un-They drop, their weight sinking them deep into the bed of the river, and the float, left free at the wells to rise and fall with the tide, is securely anchored. The outer edge of the apron is loosed and allowed to sink of its own weight, if old and watersoaked; if new, it is weighted with gravel until it rests upon the bottom. A breakwater is built some twenty-five feet from the float on the up-stream side, forming a little harbor for the landing o the tug which tows the scowloads of fish

to the packing house. Weather-Beaten Man.

When all is ready for the first haul, a heavy boat is manned by twenty weatherbeaten men, ready to lay out the seine, and the engines, one at either end of the float, wait for orders. The end of the heavy rope which lies coiled upon the seine boat is made fast to the steam capstan, the tug catches the tow line from the bow and the order "Give way" puts every our in stroke. Off they go, looking like huge spiders on a single web as the brail line pays out over the roller at the stern of the boat, and a heavy load it is. The boat is fifty-eight feet in length, and the wet seine, weighing from three to four tons, fills half of it. In the forward section are the men facing the crew's stroke and the captain, who steers from amidships. When nearly a mile out the seine starts over the roller, unfolding without

LOWER END OF THE AVENUE.

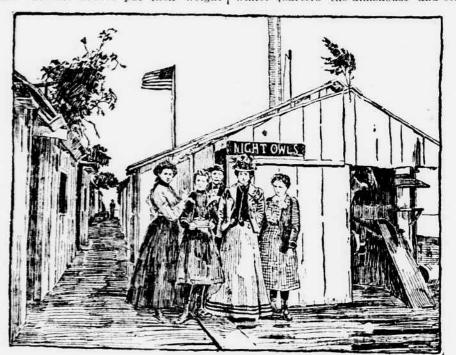
into the water the captain signals to the lookout on the deck of the tug that he may know just how many sections are overboard. They have headed home before the last post goes over, and the other

The crew is well practiced and they get aboard the float quickly. The line at each end is passed around a capstan, the engine starts, and the seine is drawn in while the boat's crew enjoy a smoke in the bunk room the whistle brings all hands on the

con during the season. The men are allowed no liquor, but plenty of substantial food and are paid about 80 cents per day.

Nearly All Weary Willies.

Most of these men work year after year upon the same float, coming from oyster platform. Twenty men at either end, with | fisheries down the bay, some few from their ather shoulder braces put their weight winter quarters-the almshouse-and others



A GROUP OF VISITORS ON NIGHT OWL AVENUE.

against the seine. The capstans start on the quarter lines which are run out to the

The whole process moves like clockworka class of well organized and quiet laborers working under a system so well planned that the captain can at any moment turn to chat with visitors, and the work still go on. Nearly all signals are given by the steam whistle. As the seine reaches the apron, should the strain upon the quarter lines becomes too tense and the hauling too heavy for the crew, a signal brings all to a standstill. "Get the nigger," calls the captain, and a small seine is brought out and put aboard a row boat, all this mean ing that a very large catch is in the seine

The largest haul ever made and handled was 700,000 fish, and it took all day to land and get them away. Larger numbers have been surrounded by seine, but rather than have the fish spoil on their hands the fishermen push the seine down with an oar let-ting the captives escape, until the number remaining can be successfully handled. But two or three trips of the "nigger" are necessary as a rule and the seine empties upon the float a silvery mass of squirming, white bodies. Coarse sand is thrown upon them as they flounder, and the scales are whipped off. The fish are then pushed into boxes built under trap doors. Through these the water runs and the fish are quickly washed, then scooped into baskets and emptied into the scow. Fifty thousand fish are cleared away in twenty-five minutes by the land crew, the boat crew resting in the

Carefully Assorted.

Occasionally a herring is thrown aside. It is because it has been smothered under water and therefore would bloat up after being cured. A shad keeps as well after dying under water as in the air. When all the fish are landed the boat's crew reloads the seine upon the boat, coiling it symmetrically, layer upon layer, while the land crew rests. And so each day is spent. beginning Monday morning sometimes at midnight, never later than four, and last-ing until 9 at night, no stop being made for regular meals. The alternate hours of leisure are used for that. The tides, two ebb and two flood each day, are carefully watched, as upon them depends the exact direction in which the seine is taken out and the time for beginning each morning. Coffee is to be had for the asking at any hour, and a peep at their culinary department is most interesting. The three cook will tell you that two wash boilers full of coffee, twenty-five loaves of bread, one and a half bushels of potatoes and one hundred

the quarter lines which are run out to the quarter posts one after another, for without the help of steam the work of pulling through the water 5,000 feet of seine would be colossal.

tramps, leave and bodies free of rum, only to show up the following March in the most filthy and pitiable condition. They must, however, represent the better element of hobodom to be willing to work for even a few weeks and come back year after year. from nowhere. The last, professional

They are not always to be depended upon, however, to stay throughout the whole season. When the feet of Weary Willie grow tired of being so often wet and long for dusty roads, or the thought that upon being paid off he will own the price of many whiskies demoralizes him, he turns into his bunk "sick" and the men enjoy the joke. The crew's jester builds up a little grave in the box of sand, marked by his name, and before the witty remarks are exhausted the weary worker has been paid off and sent ashore by the tug.

This year there were seven floats in operation within a distance of eight and a

half miles, representing an average of 10,-000,000 fish caught by each, or 70,000,000 in all taken from the Susquehanna flats in five weeks. Most of these are herring, which are salted and sold, largely in the south. A limit of 6,000 barrels is placed by law upon each packer.

Where It All Goes.

The shad are not caught in such large numbers, for they do not swim much with the herring. The gillers catch a good many, the United States fish commission at Havre de Grace paying them twenty-five cents for each ripe shad spawn. These are used at the hatching station. Most of the shad, whether caught in a seine or gill net, are shipped to Philadelphia. New York consumes all the rock, having a buyer stationed at Havre de Grace during the fishing season. Rock are sold by the pound.

While aboard the float one imagines it half wharf, half ship. When she salutes a passing craft or answers a salute, she is a vessel; when one walks down Night Owl's avenue, it is a little townlet on a bank that he passes through. Not until the strange craft is back in Havre de Grace does it appear as it is-a raft bearing the sleeping, eating and working apartments of a large crew of workmen—a fishing settlement riding the waves, the building of which cost \$6,080; an artificial island of the greatest commercial importance, upon which is car-ried on one of the liveliest of the nation's multifarious industries.

English Straw Hats.

From the New York Sun. The style in straw hats for men have undergone a curious change in recent seasons, and this is observed most strikingly by travelers from London. Seven or eight years ago the straw hats worn in England had narrow brims and a low crown and were generally smaller than any to be had at the New York stores and so had to be imported or made to order. After a while the makers, unable any longer to resist the demands of their customers for hats of this kind, reluctantly began to make the smaller hats and have ever since continued to manufacture hats made on this general

In England the change in men's fashions has brought larger hats into the mode and the small headgear which is now seen in London on the heads of travelers is everywhere known as the American style. The where known as the American style. The small hats have, however, gone out of style among the persons most particular about such matters and next to the Panama, the large London hat is most in demand. The American hats have in nearly every particular the advantage over those made in England. They are lighter, cooler and generally fit the head better. It is only a question of the form that sometimes gives a temporary advantage to London hats a temporary advantage to London hats with modish dressers.

A Chinese Newsboy.

From the Chicago Journal. Ki-Ko is the name of the only Chinese newsboy in New York. He works in Pell and Dover streets and sells the Chinese Weekly Herald. That's what it is called in English. The Herald is printed in the Chinese language, and, according to a regular subscriber, it contains all the news of the flowery kingdom and the Philippines, to-gether with the latest gossip of the United States in which the Chinese are interested. Ki-Ko yells "Extra!" and tells wonderful stories about the contents of his paper, just the same as his American brother does.

Kindergarten Teacher (trying to point out to children of the crowded districts the beauties of the rainbow)—"Children, what have you ever seen in the sky that was all different colors?" Lizzie-"The wash, ma'am."-Life,

Malaria Makes You Weak. Grave's Tasteloss Chill Tonic

"JERSEY JUSTICE"

One State Where the Law's Delay is Not a Byword.

STRIKING CONTRAST TO NEW YORK

Shutting Up the Gambling Houses at Long Branch.

GOTHAM AN EASY TOWN

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1901. Over the way in New Jersey they have an article that they are properly proud of, called "Jersey justice." In no state in the Union are criminal or civil cases, major or minor, disposed of with such expedition and economy as in the state of New Jersey. There is no interminable dragging along of murder trials, nor any perennial protraction, a la Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, of will contests. The criminal and civil judges of New Jersey aim to clean their calendars up with such celerity that when they start on their summer vacations they leave no unfinished business behind them, and they

The contrast between the procedure of the Jersey courts and the courts of New York is startling. A murder trial in New York rarely comes to the climax before three or four weeks, and some of them and appeals and that sort of thing for three or four years. A murder trial of equal importance in the state of New Jersey rarely lasts longer than a week, and the average to the state of New Jersey rarely lasts longer than a week, and the average to the state of New Jersey are the the expense to the state is never one-twentieth the expense of even ordinary twentieth the expense of even ordinary murder trials in New York. The four Paterson fellows who killed the Bosschieter glrl last winter were tried in a bunch, and the trial lasted less than a week. If the crime had been committed in New York the four criminals would have been tried separately beyond a doubt and equally because the separately because the separately beyond a doubt and equally because the separately separately beyond a doubt, and equally beyond a doubt-because a couple of them yond a doubt—because a couple of them belonged to wealthy and influential fam-files—their trials would have dragged along for years. Within less than seven days after they were hauled before the New Jersey court the four were getting their hair cut in the Trenton prison and nicking off the days on their twenty and thirty-year the days on their twenty and thirty-year sentences. Barker, the man who shot the Arlington minister for alleged over-atten-tion to his wife, was on his way "over the too its wife, was on his way over the road" to Trenton within ten days after his trial began, and the trial itself lasted only four days. The judge sternly declined to admit any evidence other than that directly bearing upon the shooting. Had that case been tried in New York it would in all probability have gone on for a month or so, and the red-ink editions of the yellows would be seen to be so and the red-ink editions of the yellows. lows would have flamed with salacious testimony blazoned forth in big type. Quips, quillets, evasions, technicalities, frivolous objections on the part of counsel whatsoever. The men on the bench over there seem to accept much more of the spirit and obvious intention than the letter of the law, with what beneficial results the clean condition of the courts and the widespread respect for Jersey justice plainly

Realize Their Responsibility.

But the judges of Jersey hold that they have other work aside from simply sitting in judgment on cases that are brought before them. They believe that they are on the bench for the purpose of enforcing the laws as they find them on the statute books, and they act on this belief.

public gambling has been absolutely wiped out. All of the ornate, superbly appointed "clubs"—including John Daly's Pennsyltheir yards where choice flowers bloomed only last year. You can play bean-bag or jacks or mumbletty-peg for points in Long Branch now, but you can't gamble-not if Judge Fort knows it.

Stopped Gambling at Long Branch. Judge Fort is the man who closed up the Long Branch gambling plants. He is on the supreme bench of New Jersey. When he donned the ermine he took a good, long look over the Jersey statutes, and he found spread thereon a law prohibiting gambling of any and all sorts forever within the conof the state. He went to the governor of the state last winter and asked to have a little additional power conferred upon him for a purpose he had in mind, and the governor and the legislature granted him the power he asked. Then the judge moved on the Long Branch works.

He found, of course, that Long Branch He found, of course, that Long Branch didn't want its gigantic public gambling business done away with; that the populace depended upon the visitations of the big gambling folks for the major portion of its summer income; that the business people were strenuously in favor of the perpetuation of the "clubs," and that the mayor and the police had already ranged themselves against him in his announced intention to put the Long Branch gamblers out of bus-

The judge summoned a grand jury for the special purpose of dealing with the Long Branch gambling business, and the talk that he directed at that grand jury made

"The law against gambling," he said, in seence, "is on the books. I didn't put it there. But it's there. Consequently, there is going to be no further public gambling in the state of New Jersey. Long Branch called the Monte Carlo of America. It shall not be so called at the close of this year." He Meant Business.

That was all. The whole matter closed with Judge Fort's instructions to his grand jury. The proprietors of the clubs sent "feelers" to the judge, after the manner in such cases made and provided, but their emissaries returned to the gamblers complaining of an exceeding great frost ac-companied by chiliblains. The rich pro-prietors of the "clubs"—not a few of them millionaires—raged and snorted in private, and the Long Branch populace fumed, and the mayor resigned, and the police sulked. But the big gamblers bought padlocks for their doors and tacked them on. They knew that Judge Fort had taken up his residence a short distance away from the Branch, and they exhibited a wholesome respect for that man of law and determi-nation. The Long Branchites who need the have complained time and again to the judge that the resort is sagging woefully since the exodus of the big gambling house proprietors. The judge doesn't reply to them, "Let 'er sag," but he unques-tionably thinks it. He tells the committees of protestants against his course that gam-blers' money is not the right kind of specie upon which the permanent prosperity of any sort of a community should be based, and he predicts that when the nation at large becomes convinced that Long Branch is no longer one wast hive of gamblers the place will take a jump in the favor of servative, moneyed, law-abiding folks that will surprise all hands and he is probably right. . Meanwhile, the Long Branch ites are scaring their young ones with the name of "Fort," and to listen to their end of it you might tancy that Judge Fort is Jeffreys of the bloody assizes reincarnated Now, here was a bit of "Jersey suasion." The gamblers were simply notified to lock up, and they locked. They perceived that the judge on their trail meant sure enough Different in New York.

Could any well-informed individual, even

by the greatest possible stretching of the magination, conceive of any such thing happening within the precincts of New "You can't close 'em up," say the New

York police when the subject of the gambling houses is up. "The people want 'em, and they can't be put out of business."

Yet here is Long Branch, a place the population of which often amounts to 50,000 during the summer, and a place in which the resident population loudly clamors for the reopening of the "clubs"— and the joints remain closed through the simple instrumentality of one man. Long Branch "wants" gambling, but it can't have it. New York, say the police, "wants" gambling, and that it has all it "wants"

is pitifully shown by the scores of cases of young chaps who are going to state's prison here every month for the crime of

prison here every month for the crime of theft directly traceable to gambling.

Saratoga is just about opening up for its season. You can fall against any old public game up there, from craps to fly-loo, because the folks up that way "want" the gambling business, and soon we shall be regaled with stories of how this or that peroxided soubrette has gone broke or broken one or other of the banks. Yet you will observe that when the police of this state set out at this season on the trail of a thief they first repair to Saratoga, and they generally nab him there without going any farther. without going any farther.
That old gag, "The United States and New Jersey," ought to be erased and forgotten. There is nothing the matter with Jersey.

Worked the Barkeeper.

If you have a gold brick or a line of green goods that you desire to dispose of at a profit bring the same over to Greater

Two winsome youths who needed the

New York. It's easy.

money for laundry bills and clgarettes and soft-shell crabs and things strolled into the bar room of a Broadway hotel the other afternoon and engaged the barkeep, one of the most notable and experienced mixers of "the alley," in pleasant conversation. They purchased a couple of times, and then they began to talk with each other with reference to the tricks which the human imagination plays.

"Why, see here," said one of the amiable youths, essaying to prove his contention, "we only know what waits delivation be.

"we only know what we're drinking be-cause we see what it is. We imagine the est. I'll wager you anything you like that if I blindfold you you can't tell the difference between beer, whisky, brandy, gir or rum, no matter how often you taste 'em. It's the same thing as a man not being able to enjoy a smoke in a dark

The other youth wouldn't quite go so far as to admit this, and he wagered that he couldn't be blindfolded so tightly that he couldn't distinguish any liquor manufactured by its taste. So it was arranged. A handkerchief was tightly wrapped around containing, respectively, beer, whisky, brandy, gin and rum, were placed on the bar. The blindfolded youth stretched forth bar. The blindfolded youth stretched forth his hand, got hold of the beer glass, sipped

rily, taking the bandage off the other's

bet you as far as you want to go that I can get next to the name of any kind o' booze that was ever made by the taste of it with me head in a bag."
"Bet you can't," said the youth, who

had expressed his belief in the superlative powers of the human imagination, and so the wager was made, and the bartenderwho happened to be alone on watch-was blindfolded "Now," said the two youths, together.

ter the glasses had been juggled about,

There was no reply.

Silence

staring about him. The bar room was empty. A little mat-ter of \$230 in bills, securely wrapped around

with rubber bands, that had reposed on a shelf back of the bar, was absent. The bartender raced into the garish light of day and gazed up and down Broadway, but he only saw the usual knot of actors out of work, telling each other how great they were, and the customary peripatetic "resting" soubrettes, with the very high French heels.

"And me," groaned the barkeep, "a-woikin' along Main street in this town since Hickory Jim was a pup!"

He Guessed Right.

the New York detectives quite frequently vania Club, the most famous of them all— are tightly bolted, and rank weeds grow in ably read last week of the case of the alleged British naval officer who "squealed" over his losings in a gambling game on the steamer that brought him to this side and who was ostracized by the other passengers for playing the baby act. When the chief of the New York detectives read of this case he summoned one of his detec-

"Follow that fellow up," he said, "and you may make a killing. He's either a simple or a con. man. If he's a simple the con. men who've read about him will be on his trail and you can nab a few of them, or if he's a crook himself he'll need some The detective thus adjured shadowed the

watching." alleged British naval officer, although the fellow, of course, didn't know it, and a couple of days later tucked the English visitor under his arm and carried him along to headquarters. The man who had "squealed" on the steamer over his losings had justified one of the opinions of the de tective chief-the worst one. He began kiting checks as soon as he got ashore and when he was arrested he confessed that he had come over to New York to pick up, as he thought, a little "easy money." He gave his real name, and now cell, waiting for the tipstaff to prod him into the right corner wherefrom to face the judge.

Why It Does Not Succeed.

ized constabulary, each of whom answers, in a way, to the master-at-arms on a man-o'-war, and these fellows are empowered to yank to the glory hole or brig any man No enterprise of this character, it seems can pay in or around New York without the liquor feature, and it is likely that the floating hotel, which is really a lux-uriously appointed affair, and upon which a lot of money has been spent, will soon float dismantled at a dock.

More Trouble for Ocean Voyagers. It is said that two of the big steamship lines are going to have regular theaters built in all of their boats to be constructed in the future, and that they are going to employ the best of theatrical talent, heavy and frivolous, to amuse their passengers during their voyage. Picture a seasick man or woman listening from his or her cabin to the coon shouting of a rag-time girl, or even to the spouting of Spartacus to the gladiators! Fancy the woe of one who longs for a quick surcease of sorrow upon hearing from the gloom of his miserable bunk the plinky-plink of the mandolin, the moan of the dismal saxophone, the sob of the dreary kazoo, in the hands of the Great Pan-American Musical Trio! Imagine the—but why go on?
"Hang it," exclaimed a well-known voy-

ters are dragging me to all the time

Railroading has already been a prolific ource of profit to the inventor, but benow used can be generally adopted he must venting collisions while dispatching trains

Needed the Money.

Dibbles-"That was a beautiful poem you Where did you get the inspiration?"

Every Way.

BETTER MINDS IN BETTER BODIES

Famous Ethnologist's Views on an Interesting Subject.

LINES OF DEVELOPMENT

Written for The Evening Star. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20, 1901. Here is a cheering message to you, to your children, to their children and to all humanity. It is a story, wonderful and unique, of the future of man's mind and body, told by a scientist who has made the study of the human race a life work. He is the optimist of optimists.

"Will there ever be a superhuman race?" I yesterday asked Prof. W. J. McGee, ethnologist in charge of Uncle Sam's bureau of ethnology.

"As far into the future as I can see man will still be man. The general progress of humanization is one to which there is absolutely no end. With man intelligence is now the sole factor which will determine development. He lives in an era of the artificial, and is no longer subject to his now." natural environment. No other organism can ever enter and compete in that domain of intellect and control of surroundings. He is developing upon higher planes, but is compelled to progress along certain lines.

"Man will never develop wings, for in-stance, because their use would be a too

extravagant waste of vitality. When, with the mechanical appliances devised by his

intellect, he competes with lower animals he demonstrates his superiority in every

direction. He will not develop into a hairy creature because it will always cost less

vital energy to make and wear clothing than to cultivate natural fur.

A Better Brain Mechanism.

"The future human race will have s

much better brain than ours. Man's brain

is improving constantly. There are two

sides to man-the brain side and the hand

side. More and more nerve activity is go-

ing to the hands; also to the feet to some

extent. We have better organized nerves than those of primitive man. Your hand knows much more than that of any savage. When you were a little boy you couldn't write without screwing up your mouth. The hand and brain are going forward together. Man will write more and

more rapidly with both pen and typewriter. We today can write more rapidly than our

ancestors of three generations ago. While you are taking notes on this interview your

hand is moving automatically while your brain itself has a half dozen different

thoughts—as to future questions you will ask me, as to how best to transcribe my

language in popular form, &c. Such a complication of functionings was beyond

the power of our ancestors.
"Future man will invent and create more

things. His written and spoken language will be more economical. We are painful-

ly alive to the fact that English is not phonetic in its orthography. Some of these

days it will become so. The substitution of

saved will be expended on other pursuits.

A Greater Range of Memory.

edness increases with intellect indicate that

the coming race will have an impaired

"The scientific man today is not absent

minded, but the scholastic is. But scholas-

tics very often affect absent-mindedness as

a badge of distinction to be admired by the

multitude, just as some of the socially am-

bitious affect gout as a mark of aristoc-

racy.
"The memory of the future will be one

of greater range, although not so acute as to useless details along one line. Today

we remember 100 things to each one thing

remembered by the savage, but of that one thing he can remember more details. The

most stupid man I ever knew could remem-

ber, word for word, nearly all conversa-

tions he had ever carried on and could re-peat them down to the fourth and fifth 'Sez I' and 'Sez he.' This man, like the savage

and primitive man generally, had developed

his memory along one line. But it had no range. To better understand what I mean

by range, let us take up the future of the senses of which the memory is composed,

"The eye of future man will have greater

range of vision, but will be less acute. In

other words, it will be less of a telescope

and more of a panoramic camera. The

average white gunner is a better marks-man today than the Indian, who has car-

ried a gun all his life, because the former's

eye judges distance, space relations, force

of wind, etc., all at the same time. Any well-trained Papago Indian can trail bet-

ter than any white man I know of; can see much more acutely than I can certain

things to which he is accustomed. But I

"Future man will see colors not now per-ceptible to us-colors above the violet and

below the red. He will perceive more tints, shades and tones of all colors. He will

hear higher and lower pitches of sound than we can hear. But just as in memory

and in seeing, he will be less acute-will

"The sense of smell will lose in acute

ness, but gain in range. The savage today

enlightened man, but the latter can per-ceive a much wider range of perfumes of

flowers, or aromas of coffees or teas, for

"The sense of feeling will grow more del-

icate. Future man will suffer more than

it, but his greater sensitiveness in detect-

ing coming changes of temperature will enable him to better protect himself against their effects. He will be much more sen-

sitive in discriminating rough or smooth

More Pleasures; Less Pains,

"The more highly man becomes developed

the more pain he will suffer from a given

shock. This rule will apply so long as

every other condition remains equal. But

every other condition will not remain equal.

With his increase of refinement and sensi-

bility the greater the number of degrees between extreme pain and extreme pleas-

we do from heat and cold, when expos

moist or dry, soft or hard surfaces.

can perceive a particular odor further than

not be able to hear sounds as far off.

sees in passing over the same ground.

memory?"

so to speak.

"But does not the fact that absent-mind-

hitch or tangle from the uneven-looking | and ten pounds of fish are used for one mass. Fastened to the seine, 120 yards meal; seventeen barrels of flour, three hun-apart, are quarter posts, and as each slides dred pounds of coffee and two tons of ba-A windy day, when the water is rough, becomes a holiday. Then the one vice of the fishermen, that of gambling for chewing tobacco, is freely indulged in.

generally succeed in their aim. drag along with hung juries and reversals the young disputant's eyes, and five glasses. it, and said:
"That's gin, of course."
"You lose," said the other youth, mer-

eyes.
"Aw, say," put in the wise barkeep, "I'll

Caught by an Old Game. The barkeep reached forth his hand, af-

and picked up the glass of whisky. He sipped it, smacking his lips. "That," said he, "is whisky."

"Well, ain't it?" inquired the barkeep.

No reply.
"Of course it's whisky," said the bartender. "You can't fool me on the taste Handled too much of of that old stuff. Handled too much of

"I win in a walk, of course," said the barkeep, removing the handkerchief and

It must be said that the deductions of

That public houseboat, or floating hotel, which makes overnight trips down to the Hook for the purpose of cooling off patrons, is reported to be earning but little more than the price of the coal. The reason is said to be that no liquor is sold on board, nor is any liquor allowed to be carried on board by any of the guests.

The floating hotel employs a well-organ-

ager who crosses several times a year, in talking of the scheme, "I go to sea to es-cape the theaters that my wife and daugh-

Conditions of Speed on Railroads. From Everybody's Magazine.

fore speeds materially higher than those be called upon to again improve the railroad in its every member. The rail joint must either be abolished altogether, making the lines continuous by welded joints. tice, or a mechanical joint better than any yet made must be invented. But more important than all will be methods of pre at short intervals. Since electricity will be the motive power, it is possible that this may be so applied as to make it impossible for two trains to be run into each other even by intent.

from the Chicago News.

had in Gusher's magazine this month.

MAN IN THE FUTURE | ure future man will be able to perceive. But just as in the case of temperature, he will know better how to protect himself

Will Be a More Perfect Animal in

No, the greater delicacy and refinement of his senses will not make him more sen-sual, in the narrow meaning of the word. He will appreciate his senses better than we do ours, will educate and enjoy them more. "The face of future man will be much more expressive and more completely under control than the face of present man. While there will be this great increase in the mobility of facial expression man will learn better how to regulate the focus of his countenance, according to the idea he wishes to convey. The countenances of savages fall to bespeak their emotions. Take a series of our Indian portraits, which we are collecting in this bureau to represent all of the American aboriginal tribes, and note what utter lack of thought or emotion the great majority of faces convey. Thus it has become common for romantic writers to speak of the Indian as a stole, whereas, as a matter of fact, his face simply falls to depict the changing phases of his mind.

"No. I do not foresee that men additional control with the changing phases of the control of the control of the control of the mind. "The face of future man will be much

from extremes of pain in such manner that his sum of pleasures will constantly in-crease and his sum of pairs constantly

"Future man will have no new sense

diminish.

of his mind.
"No, I do not foresee that man will ever cultivate control of facial expression to such a degree as to be able to talk entire-ly with his countenance. The vocal organ will always be superior and more economia

for rapid interchange of thought.

"As far as complexion and eyes are concerned, I believe that ultra-biondness and ultra-brunetteness will constantly diminish. But uniformity in color of eyes and hair will never be reached.

will never be reached. "The teeth and hair of future man will be superior to ours. Compare the teeth of the citizens of our great cities with those of the Indians. The lives of savages are short-ened by their early decay of teeth. Future man's teeth will become improved because he will take more care of them. The same is true of the hair. There was more baldness in the days of nightcaps than there is

Body to Increase With Head.

"The pessimistic biologists prophesy that future man will be a physical weakling, whose head will greatly overbalance his body. Do they not?"

"Yes; but they are wrong. The head caunot lead the race because in the first place the brain cannot develop without the hand's keeping up with it. It is the hand which does. Edison cannot think machines into existence; he must make them with his hands. The chest is increasing in size in about the same ratio as is the head. Fur-thermore, the lower extremities are compelled to keep up with the upper. Compare the limbs of savage man with those of his enlightened brother and you will find the lower leg of the former to be much the smaller. Most artists fall utterly in their attempts to depict the anatomy of primitive man. They put on him legs based upon the anatomy of Greek art. But the legs of the average man of today are better than those of average man in the days of the great Greek sculptors. Sandow and athletes who advertise their muscular prowess in the magazines today have better development than had the best Greek athlete models. In the educational institutions of the future physical development will remain comput-sory until exercising the body uniformly and making oneself a well-rounded speci-men of humanity becomes an established

"No, the automobile and labor-saving machines will not tend to make man a physical weakling. The same man who will drive an automobile rather than walk and will thus store up physical energy will go out to row or play golf in the fresh air, and his son will go to college and become a sprinter. And the man whose bodily effort is re-lieved by labor-saving devices introduced in the workshop will have a surplus of phy-sical energy to be expended in more wholesome exercise than that to be found in-doors.

mechanical for hand typesetting will serve as a long step. There will be a language in which there is a term merely to express each distinct idea. Man will talk and write Taller and Will Live Longer. "Future men will be taller than we are There will be a constant but gradual inas well as think more rapidly. No, I do crease in stature. Man's average height not believe he will ever talk or write quite as fast as he can think. Some poor think-ers can now talk faster than their ideas today is much greater than it ever was before. Future man will also live longer. can flow, but they contribute little to hu-Witness, for example, the present state of Long Branch. There is no more gambling in Long Branch today than there is in the settlements of the Dunkards. For the first time in the history of that seaside resort.

Hadding shain street in this town since the first time in the history of that seaside resort.

History shain street in this town since that they contribute little to human happiness.

"Thought-saving machines will relieve future man of much of his present routine of brain work. Practically all mathematical work, for instance, will be done for disease will have been exterminated. Man disease will have been exterminated. Mar him by mechanical devices. Thought thus will get rid of the house fly when he exterminates the horse: the flea when he ex-

> germ when the rat and mouse are seen no ore on earth, and so on, over an endless chain of extermination. "The sex of the future race will be pre-eterminable. For a time the pendulum determinable. will swing backward and forward with preponderance of one sex, then of the other.
> The first generation will probably show a
> preference for boys. Predominance of the male and the resulting hunger and thirst for more women will cause a reaction in the second. But eventually the pendulum will settle down and equilibrium will be reached. The moral effect will be a great

Increase of confidence in human power." JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, Jr. A Veritable Nemesis.

From the London Pall Mall Gazette. A melodramatic story of Nemesia quite oriental in color comes from Knin, in Dalmatia. A substantial cattle dealer, having sold a couple of beasts for 500 crowns, stealthily gave the money into his daughter's keeping for safety. On the way home two men who knew of the transaction waylaid the pair and murdered the father, letting the girl escape. Fleeing in terror she at last took refuge in a solitary cottage, where she told her story to the women, letting out also the secret of the money. The hut turned out to be that of the murderers, who on returning chagrined at the barren result of their crime, were surprised to learn that the prize still lay unsuspi-clously within their grasp. The girl was invited to rest for the night, sleeping with another girl of about her own age, the murderers intending to strangle her as she slept. As it happened, the two girls changed places during the night, and the men, going in complete darkness for their fell work, strangled their own relative while the intended victim, paralyzed into silence, lay still until all was quiet again, and then managed to make her escape through the hole in the wall doing duty as a window. The murderers have been

arrested. The Smallest Engine

From the Philadelphia Record. What is probably the smallest engine ever made has just been completed by A.

G. Root, a jeweler of Danbury, Conn. It is a horizontal engine and stands on a plece of metal exactly the size of a 10-cent piece. Other small engines have been made in other parts of the world, but it is claimed, the smallest that has ever been heard of before was an upright engine which occupied a floor space of only half an inch. Mr. Root's engine is therefore smaller than that one, for if it had been built as an upright it would occupy a floor space of only seven-sixteenths of an inch. Mr. Root has been working at it during his leisure time for several months. When the power was first turned on it started off as nicely as an accurately adjusted engine. The finish of the little machine is of the finest. The materials of which it is n are gold, silver, brass and steel. The band of the fly wheel is solid gold.

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Mrs. Graball-"Ther boarders air kickin' 'bout ther milk bein' so blue."